# Our Story.

### BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL"

#### CHAPTER XXVI.-(Continued.)

By-AND-By Mrs. Norris emerged from the carstage, but not alone, and Grace recognized her father in the trembling figure whom her mother supported up the steps. Dr. Poynter, who perceived Grace's air of stupefaction, gave himself the trouble to explain to her what he had aiready endeavoured to explain to Mrs. Norris, who had, however, taken in no more than the fact that her husband was outside before she rushed past him to

the carriage.

"You will be surprised to see your father here already," he said. "I trust you will consider I have done right to bring him. He became so seriously ill the latter part of the day that I apprehended the impossibility of removing him to-morrow. At the same time, I consider the risk not too great of bringing him to-day, for his anxiety to return home was doing him harm. As you would get my letter this morning to prepare you for it, I concluded myself warranted in putting him into my carriage at once, and driving him over without waiting even to

By this time they were all in the passage, and Grace threw open the door of the dining room. By a happy chance the girls were neither of them there. Mrs. Norris never thought of them, but Grace trembled as she realized the shock that awaited them. Her father sank into an arm-chair, and her mother, oblivious of everything else, occupied her-self with him. Dr. Poynter stood looking at them, while Grace said-

" We are very grateful to you for doing what you thought was best, and bringing my father yourself. I suppose we must send for a doctor here?"

" By all means. The sconer you put him under the care of your medical man the better. In the meanwhile, keep him very quiet. Get him to bed at once.

The doctor then took his leave, and his carriage wheels rolled down the street. The whole scene had occupied only a few moments, and Grace might have thought it a dream but for the spectacle of that wasted figure in the chair, before whom her mother knelt chafing his hands, and murmuring caressing words. It was indeed no dream, but rather a reality requiring all the presence of mind that could be summoned. Her mother might be depended upon for taking the sole charge and responsibility of the insulad has considered. responsibility of the invalid, but beyond that Grace saw that she would be of no use. Upon herself would devolve the necessity of breaking the news to the girls, and of communicating something or other, how or what she did not know, to Mr. Water-house to get him out of the way at once. She went up to her mother.

"Come, mother," she said, "we must make ar-

rangements for getting him to bed."
"Yes," said her mother, rising, but keeping her hand clasped over her husband's, "he must have Mr. Waterhouse's room; the others are too high up to nurse him in, and perhaps if we put him elsewhere to-night we should not be able to move him to-morrow. Can you ask Mr. Waterhouse to move into my room up-stairs, or shall I? You can sleep with Hester."

Mrs. Norris was perfectly cool and composed. She looked younger and more vigorous. Grace felt herself, on the contrary, truly crushed. Amid all that this crisis involved, the loss of her mother seemed most cruel, for Graco clearly perceived that she, who had been her mother's very life, and from whom she would have dreaded to part for a single night, had become now an altogether secondary object in her thoughts. Those who are accustomed to be always first can alone understand the full bitterness of being superseded, and we must not judge

them hardly. But at this moment there was little scope for the indulgence of any sort of feeling.

"Very well, mother," said Grace, "I will manage it all as quickly as I can. In the meanwhile I

to the door and locked it, filled with annoyance that she had not thought of the percaution sooner. Then, putting her arms round Hester, who stood looking round her in a distressed bewildered fashion, she said, in an undertone-

It has all come out now, darling, and I am glad of it. Don't speak to mother. Come away with me, and I will tell you all about it. I want you upstairs to help me."

But Hester did not in any way respond to Grace's embrace. She stood, at first, as impassive as a statue, and then began to tremble violently.

Who is it?" was all she said. "Oh I come away, Hester 1" whispered Grace, earnestly, fearful of some hysterical outbreak. "It is our father !

She had already opened the door while speaking, and managed to draw Hester away. She kept her arm round her, and they passed up the stairs in this way, but without speaking. Grace led the way to Hester's room.

"Where is Kitty?" she asked.
"Gone out with Sarah."

"That is well," and Grace gave a sigh of relief.
Still Hester asked no questions, and Grace with a kind of moan, uttered, almost without knowing

it, the thought in her mind.
"Oh, Hester," she said, "how badly you are taking it 12

"Am I ?" said Hester, with a dreary accent; " can't help it.

Oh, dear, what am I to do?' cried Grace, in speration. "You do not ask me anything, and I desperation. am too bewildered myself to explain things to you, and there is so much to be done.

Hester's cliest began to heave painfully, and tears to well up slowly and roll down her cheeks. Grace's reproachful tones revived sensations in her

"Darling," said Grace, with an immediate return to tenderness, "I am going to sleep here with you to-night, and we will talk then, and I will tell you everything. We shall both feel better then. Our father's return is quite unexpected, and I, too, am feeling overwhelmed and confused. Come and help me, dearest, to remove the things from moth-er's room. Mr. Waterhouse is going to sleep there to-night, and father is to be nursed in his room.

He is very ill, as you saw, no doubt." Grace dared not tell Hester at this moment where and in what condition their father had been all these years, considering what effect the mere shock of seeing him had had upon her. Hester revived a little under Grace's tenderness, and By the dim light of the gas in the passage below

began to cling to her. Together they went into which fell upon his face Grace could see that it their mother's room, and then Grace began to col-lect her forces for a new interview with Waterhouse. Hester seemed at first so bewildered that necessity, and went away hoping that in employing sake."
herself over the work in hand she would gradually liad Grace understood that the become herself again.

Grace knocked at Mr. Waterhouse's door, and receiving permission to enter, found him seated at the table, with his head on his hands, and without a book or any pretence at occupation. When, how-ever he perceived who had entered, his listlessness changed to animalion. His heart, which had seemed to have sunk into some remote recess of his frame, gave a bound, for this visit announced he was doing the very thing which would increase something extraordinary, possibly even a repeal of it, she would perhaps have spoken soothingly, have

his sentence of banishment.
"Air. Waterhouse," said Grace, "I have come to ask you to do us a very great kindness."
"What is it?" he asked.

"I am sorry to say that the necessity for your leaving is more immediate than we supposed. The visitor who must occupy your room is already come, quite unexpectedly."

Though the reaction was cruel after the sudden raising of expectation, which only a man as impulsive as Waterhouse could have experienced, he said, with a kind of enthusiastic resignation—
"And you wish me to go to night?"

Grace smiled. "No, not te-night, for it is too late that is if you would not mind sleeping up-stairs. Our visitor is ill and could not be nursed anywhere but in your room, or you may be sure we would not trouble you. Grace's smile, which appeared to mock his enthusiasm, set Waterhouse's temper on fire. This unlooked for second visit of hers, was trying his

self-control almost beyond its strength. "That is an absurd speech," he blurted out, "to make about a trifle, when you know that nothing you could ask me to do would be a trouble."

Grace was smitten with sudden alarm, by the manner more than the words. She was moved by

it to take the affair lightly.
"That is fortunate," she said, smiling again,
"for you must set to work at once to move your
things. I will send Kitty to help you. She is a capital little valet."

She made her escape, and rejoined Hester, with whom she found Kitty, large-eyed and astonished, but otherwise appearing, to Grace's apprehensive glance, delightfully unmoved by the communica-tion Hester had just made to her. Grace intended to see no more of Mr. Waterhouse that night, led thereto by a vague fear. She instructed Kitty to help him, and occupied herself with other arrangements, but occasionally she had to pass him on the stairs, and the carnest looks he gave her on doing so did not relieve her uneasiness. Several

times she had to run down, to consult her mother. On one of these occasions a consultation was held about a doctor. Mr. Denston's doctor, Dr. Black, had been suggested by Hester, and Mrs. Norris fell in with the idea. Sarah was despatched with a note. The arrangements were at last completed. Mr. Waterhouse was again shut up in the drawing-room, and Grace and Hester were putting the past, the questions raised affecting the future, the last touches to the room which had been his, when she heard the dining-room door open and her mother run up-stairs hastily.
"Grace," she cried, "where are you? Come to

to me at once."

Grace ran out, and followed her mother, who had already turned back again. It seemed that her father, after drinking a cup of broth, bad suddenly fallen into a sleep of exhaustion, from which it was impossible to rouse him. Mrs. Norris renewed her efforts, spoke in his ear, and pressed his hands. Then they looked at each other in dismay, for how was he to be got up-stairs in this condition?

"Can we get him to the sofa?" suggested Grace.
"My dear, that will never do; he must be got to bed somehow

"Would be be very heavy? Could we not carry him ?'

Grace appeared quite ready to try; her slight, small frame, animated by a will worth more than muscle, did not appear to her ridiculously inade-

age it all as quickly as I can. In the meanwhile I will keep the girls away from here, and you can stay with my father until the room is ready."

But at that juncture the door opened, and Hester appeared. As soon as she had entered Grace ran to the door and locked it. filled with appearance atrong. He must be asked; there is no help for it." Grace marvelled at this further sign that her

mother's most cherished feelings were consumed on the altar of her absorbing devotion to her husband. Mr. Waterhouse, a stranger, to be taken thus into confidence ! Grace felt bewildered, and sore at heart. Her mother desired her to fetch him; but, for the first time that day, Grace rebelled. She declared the request would come better from her mother, and she had better exercise her own judgment as to how much to tell him.

As for me, I can deceive no more," she said. Her mother scarcely heeded what she said, but went off at once on the errand. Grace, left alone, gazed on the worn face, with its thin grey hair, and at the wasted hand of the sleeper. Pity rose in her heart, profound and wondering, but not love —that emotion was far from her; it was impossible to realize that there existed between this man and herself so close a relationship. Her mother quickly reappeared, and Waterhouse followed her. he latter merely glanced at Grace with gravity. Without a moment's delay, he took up the thin frame of the sleeping man in his strong arms, and

carried him off with apparent case.

"What have you told him?" whispered Grace,

as they followed.

"The truth," replied her mother.
Grace uttered a long quivering sigh of relief.
The necessity for concealment was then at an end for eyer. There was to be no more mystery, no more pretence. A great burden, to which she had been long used, seemed to roll off Grace's heart. If the trouble was now to be one bravely acknowledged and openly faced, its bitterness was gone. The thought of probable repose and happiness in the future, better established than that of the past, came to illumine the troubled present. Waterhouse laid his burden upon the bed and went away ; but when Grace came out of the room to bring up the doctor (whose knock had just been heard) she per-ceived Waterhouse hanging about the stairs; and when she reappeared again, leaving Dr. Black with her mother, she found her escape cut off.

"I see that you are trying to avoid me," he said, in an undertone, whose agitation communicated itself at once to Grace; "you have being doing that all the evening, and perhaps I ought to take the hint. But the fact is, I am past it. Any man's power of endurance has a limit, and perhaps you will forgive me if you remember what I have suffered to day."

Waterhouse had advanced very near to Grace.

was moved as she had never seen it before. She started back, and said, passionately-

"And do you think I have not suffered to-day? I am worn out with excitement and misery. And

which Waterhouse spoke was caused more by the sight of her trouble than by his own, and that a day of miscrable brooding, culminating with the discovery of the family situation, and aggravated by the anticipation of being sent sway on the morrow, had driven him almost beside himself; and that consumed by the impotent craving to do something to help her in her trouble, he did not see that begged him more gently to leave her, and have shown him without passion that she was too worn-out to endure further excitement; and had she done so Waterhouse would from a lion have been turned to a lamb, and done her bidding without a word. But Grace had lost control over herself, and in so doing had lost control over Waterhouse

He continued, with heightened passion-"I know you are unhappy—only too well. It is that maddens me. I would die—and this is not idle talk—to spare you the slightest pain! But though you are mistress of my actions, and you tell me to go, I cannot go till you have heard what I have got to say, though you must know very well what it is. I know this is not the time to speak of it. But oh! let me serve you-let me do something to help you to

These words roused in Grace a fierceness of anger of which she could not have believed herself capable. She clenched her hands, and her eyes gleamed in the darkness.

"Mr. Waterhouse, I am ashamed for you i" she said, with a biting accent, "and you will be ashamed of this to-morrow. Your persistence is unmanly and disgraceful. I wish to hear neither now nor at any other time what you have got to say.

Grace turned, and went down-stairs, and she heard Waterhouse shut himself up in his room.

## CHAPTER XXVII

WHAT DR. BLACK SAID.

THE next morning Grace awoke from a deep dreamless sleep to face a new day, and as she did so the troubles, of whose existence she had for hours been happily oblivious, thronged upon her. But sleep had knit up the ravelled sleeve of care, and her natural force had returned. She had not had so good a night's rest for a long time. Being utterly worn out. Nature had taken the matter into her own hands, and when Grace had at last been able to he down in bed, as she imagined, to review and meditate over her position, she fell into a deep sleep instead. Before that, however, the promised explanation had been given to Hester, the mysteries all made clear, and the full confidence that she had so long craved was here at last. It may well be and the novel conditions of the present, combined to keep her brain awake and at work. One of the most strange of these unfamiliar conditions of things was to feel that Grace lay here by her side, for the first time in their lives. This physical proximity did more than anything else could have done to bring it home to Hester that their position towards each other was changed. It embodied in realisable fact the idea of a more perfect sisterly relationship, and this talk in the dark with hands clasped effected much that would have been missed had Grace occupied her old place in her mother's room. When Grace fell asleep Hester still felt at her heart a warm sense of companionship such as she had never been used to, and she lay awake by Grace's side, venturing now and then to touch her softly, in a mond different from any she had ever

known. Grace's first anxiety was to learn how her mother had fared through the night. That she had not had to disturb the girls augured well, but Hester, on awaking, reported having heard doors open and footsteps creak up and down stairs, which seemed unaccountable. An explanation, however, awaited her in her father's room, whither she repaired at is asleep, ar mother in a low voice. Mrs. Notris, looking pale, but not worn out, declared that she had by no means passed a sleepless night. She had lain down in her dressing gown by her busband's side, and had had only intervals of wakefulnes. Sut on one of these occasions she had gone down stairs to get some beef-tea for the invalid, and on her return, to her alarm, she found him stretched on the floor near the door. He was not insensible, but so exhausted and helpless that she found it impossible to get him back to bed. While trying to do so he wept and clung to her, and besought her not to go away again. He thought she had left him, he said, and that he would never see her again if he did not follow her at once and beg her to return. Grace caught her mother's hand as she listened, and could have cried out of pure sympathy with the touching pride which vibrated in her voice, and

the loving light in her eyes.
"This poor mother," she said to herself, tenderly, "who has suffered so much, and now has such a pitiful joy !"

"But how did you manage, then, darling, to get him back to bed?" she asked.

"I was coming, my dear, to that," replied her mother; "finding I could not possibly do it, I went ab to Mr. Waterhouse, and begged him to come down. I saw at once that was the only thing to do. I knew how tired you children were, and besides, it would have been difficult even with several of us. Mr. Waterhouse lifts him as easily as if he were a baby. He was so very kind and good.

Grace removed her eyes from her mother's face, and now made no reply. Mrs. Norris not getting the response for which she had paused, went on—
"A very singular thing happened. Your dear
father, though he is quite himself, and talks to me as nothing had ever come between us, has lost his memory somewhat, and very mercifully indeed is it that it should be so. His head is very weak, you know. When he saw Mr. Waterhouse come into

his room in the night like that to help me, and take him in his arms, he got hold of the fancy that he was his son. You know we had a little boy, who came next to you, Grace, and who died at two years old. Your father dimly remembered the child, but had forgotten his death, strange to say, and took for granted that Mr. Waterhouse must be he. He began first to call him John, which was our boy's name, and we looked at each other in suprise that be should call him by name, but soon we gathered what the idea in his mind was.'

(To be continued.)

# Sabbath School Fork.

## LESSON HELPS.

THIRD QUARTER.

JESUS COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES. LESSON IX., August 29th, John ziv. 1-14. Memrite verses 1.6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Let not your heart be troubled: ye helleve in God, believe also in me.—John xiv. 1.

TIME -Thursday evening, April 6, A.D., 30 Di-

rectly after our last lesson. PLACE-An upper room in Jerusalem.

PLACE IN THE OTHER GOSTELS.—Mait. xxvi. between vs. 29 and 30; Mark xiv. between vs. 25 and 26; Luko xxil. between vs. 38 and 39.

INTRODUCTION. —Just after the close of our last lesson jesus instituted the Lord's supper, and then held a long confidential talk with his disciples at the table. To-day's lesson is a portion of this discourse.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES. - I. Troubled: by his death soon to follow, and the power of their enemics, and their own weakness. In my Futher's house: i.e., heaven, God's home. Perhaps it includes the universe. Many mansions: dwelling-places, enough for all; a variety suited to all. I places, enough for all; a variety suited to all. I go to prepare a place for you: he will be still working for them though they do not see him. 4. Ye ing for them though they do not see him. 4. Ye hnow: by remembering what he had taught them. 6. I am the way: to the Father, and to his heavenly home. He is the way: (1) his life and character revealed to them the l'ather's life and character. (2) his words taught them about the Father; 13) his atonement prepared the way so that all can go; (4) his character drew men to himself to love and obey him, and thus drew them to the Father; (5) by giving spiritual life. 9, He that hath seen me hath seen the Father: because he was the express image of the Father. Wnatever he was, or did, or said, was from the father 12. Greater works than these shall he do: more bealing of sickness; more these shall he do: more bealing of sickness; more sight to the blind. More help to men has come through Christianly than Christ gave on earth; more disciples are made than he made. His Gospel has made greater triumphs, wonderful conversions, nations brought to Christ. Because I go unto my Father: by his atoning death he makes these triumphs. He is the mighty Prince in heaven working in all his church, abiding with his disciples, and not an humble teacher. Men now see him in his glory, and are drawn to him. 13. In my name: as my representatives, in my service, as my loving as my representatives, in my service, as my loving friends seeking my will.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Why the disciples might be troubled.—The many mansions — Christ's coming again.—Jesus as the Way.—As the Truth.—As the Life.—He that hath seen Jesus hath seen the Father .- v. 12 .- v. 13.

#### QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY .- What was our last lesson about? Where were Jesus and his disciples? What great sacrament of religion was instituted between the last lesson and this?

SUBJECT: SOURCES OF COMFORT AND STRENGTH I. COMFORT THROUGH FAITH (v. 1) -What troubles were threatening the disciples at this time? How would faith in God give the comfort? How would faith in Jesus bring comfort?

II. COMFORT FROM AN ASSURANCE OF HEAVEN (va. 2, 3) —What was his Father's house? What are the many mansions? What comfort in the knowledge that they are many? To what does Jesus refer when he speaks of going? How did he prepare a place for us? What is meant by his coming again? How do these things comfort us?

III. COMPORT FROM CHRIST AS THE WAY TO THE PATHER (vs. 4-11).—Where was Christ going? What is meant by his being tue way? The way where? How is he the truth? How the life? Show how it is that those who have seen Jesus have seen the Father. (Heb. i. 3.) What is his argument in v. 13? What do we learn about God's character and works from Jesus?

IV. COMPORT FROM THE POWER OF JESUS WORKING IN THEM (v. 12).—What works are referred to here? What promise does he make to those who believe? Why is it only to believers? How has this promise proved true? What comfort to us is this?

V. COMPORT IN THE PROMISE TO ANSWER PRAYER (vs. 13, 14).—What promise does Jesus make? On what condition? Is all true prayer answered? In what ways; How is this a com-SOURCES OF COMPORT.

I. Faith in God as the good, wise, loving controller of all things.

II. Faith in Jesus at our Teacher, Guide,

Saviour, and King. III. The assurance of a home in heaven.

IV. A Saviour who is the Way, the Truth, and he Life.

V. A knowledge of God's character and works in Jesus Christ.
VI. An ever-present Saviour working in us

VII. The assurance of an answer to our prayers. REVIEW EXERCISE.—(For the whole school in concert.)—1. Why were the disciples troubled?
ANS. (1) They were surrounded by enemies. (2) Their master was about to be taken from them. (3) They were exposed to danger and death. (4) Their hopes seemed disappointed. 2 What sources of comfort did Jesus give them? Ans. (Repeat the question headings.)

THE new church, Kinlough, is nearing completion. It is a large and commodious edifice of white brick, is of artistic design and excellent workmanship, and when finished will be a credit to the energy and Christian liberality of the congregation and an ornament to the village.

On Friday evening, 6th inst., a free social was given at Beeton by the ladies of the Presbyterian congregation to welcome back the Rev. Thomas Vilson and his wife. After tea the people adjourned to the church where addresses were given by J. C. Scott, chairman, Rev. Jas. Cerswell and Mr. Buckley. Music and recitations being furnished by the choir and others. Before closing Mrs. Smith and Mrs. McDonald, on behalf of the managing committee, presented Mr. Wilson with an address and a well filled purse. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson enters upon their labours with the good will not only of the Presbyterian congregation but of all denominations and with the most encouraging prospects of success.